

# SCIMITAR



THE MAGAZINE OF THE  
OLD FINCHLEYANS ASSOCIATION

No 188 Spring 2022

# OUR CHAIRMAN SPEAKS

## OLD FINCUNIANS ASSOCIATION

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Spring 2022

Dear Old Fincunian,

I hope this Scimitar finds you safe and well. I know the last two years have been pretty awful but hopefully with double vaccines jabs and boosters appearing to, at least, be 'controlling' the Covid pandemic we can now return to some form of normality.

My thanks to Val Saunders (1953-58) for joining Ian Thomas and I to lay a wreath at the school war memorial on November 11<sup>th</sup> last.

Sadly, I have to report the passing of our former editor Les Sharp. Les died in January and our condolences go to Audrey, his daughter and brother Roy. I was truly grateful to Les, who was somewhat cajoled by EJR to take over from Fred Holbrook, for being at the helm of the Scimitar for over 25 years – quite amazing. A full tribute follows later in this issue.

REUNION 2022  
10<sup>th</sup> September 2022  
Finchley Bowling Club  
6 Etchingam Park Road, N3 2DT.

Please note the change in venue. As in recent times the cost of the reunion will be covered by the Association.

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**The production of the Scimitar is a very onerous task but we will continue to produce a magazine for as long as practically possible. However, for those who would prefer a more regular interface with former colleagues/year-groups modern technology may provide the answer.**

**WhatsApp is a smart-phone application – and I suspect most of you have one - which allows you to set up a ‘chat’ group. I have established one for my year group and 20 of us (not bad number for a year intake of c.70 pupils in 1959) regularly send messages & photographs to one another. Three of our number live in the States, one in New Zealand and one in Germany with just two still living in the Finchley area. Most were never paid-up members of the OFA, so for 50 years+ they had no contact or news of their old school/pals. There may be some issues with GDPR (data protection regulations) but if anyone/group would like to know more than email me and I will attempt to give guidance. I’m aware of another couple of year groups, one organised by Brian Andrews another by Chris Nutting that communicate more regularly than the reunions allow.**

**Finally, good reading and keep safe.**

**Kind regards**

*Godfrey*

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# Editorial

**Hello to you all. Apologies for the delay (again) in producing a Scimitar. I am afraid that lack of activity due to Covid seems to have diminished output as well. No meetings, no journeys and retreating into our immediate worlds has been tough.**

**It is nice now to come out of isolation (with personal safety still in mind) and to meet up again. In that respect I will later in this edition provide details of a reunion that has been booked for 10th September 2022 in Finchley.**

**However, the last 2 years has seen the sad loss of some of our friends and these are recorded in “Less we forget”**

**Of these there are two losses that signal a distinctive change to the Old Fincunians Association.**

**Les Sharp (Sir Leslie Sharp) passed away on 18th January 2022 following a series of strokes and untreatable cancer. His funeral took place on 14th February 2022.**

**Les was a central force in keeping the Association alive through his love of the old school, editing and distributing Scimitar throughout the world, passing on news and interesting school and social history.**

**He took on the job after Fred Holbrook relinquished the role. Keeping people involved and interested meant that there was always a strong turnout for reunions organised by Godfrey, and Colin and Janine Luke and we are still gaining members, mostly former pupils of the later days of FCS - 1965 to 1971 entry - as they reach retirement and realise that they can resume contact with old school friends.**

**I remember reading Les’s piece recounting how he and his family, including younger Old Fincunian brother Roy, walked to Finchley after being bombed out of their home during the war and re-established themselves in new surroundings. That was our gain. Thank you for that at least Adolf! Les went on to make a significant impact on society, and to a Knighthood after a career in policing.**

**He joined the Metropolitan Police force in 1956 during which time he completed a law degree before moving to West Midlands Police, and then in Cumbria Police as Chief Constable before becoming the first English Chief Constable of Strathclyde before retiring in 1995. He was knighted in 1996. He shortly after took up the important post of Scimitar Editor.**

**The second death significant to the school, advised to me by his daughter, was that of the last headmaster of FCS, C. David Joscelyne. David died in Norwich on 30th May 2021 at the age of 94 of a heart attack following an earlier series of attacks. I didn't know him during school days but know from external individual contributions forwarded by his daughter that David was a formidable organiser then and in later educational establishments.**

**He has been described as never orthodox and described himself as quirky. One of his sixth form talks in a later school was titled "Building with bent bananas" highlighting that there was a place for all to make a difference. Admirable and deliberately quirkily put. He frequently resorted to singing in his tenor voice with mixed reactions (these are not my or OFA comments). He cycled to and from his later school in Norfolk 7 miles each way and after retiring cycled round the entire coast of Scotland - on the inside I trust and with a good set of gears because that is a formidable undertaking!**

**Well we ex-students are left to our own devices now. Thankfully, however, there are still a number of former staff members who keep in touch and I hope they will be able to attend the next reunion.**

**Since the previous reunion in 2018 things have become a bit chaotic with the Glebelands bowls club closing for Covid and parting company from their (our) caterer. I have succeeded in contacting the caterer via Malta, Wolverhampton and Crawley in Surrey. He has certainly done his best to shake us off but will be able to cater for us on 10th September 2022 at a different venue in Finchley.**

**This year's reunion will take place at Finchley Bowling Club, 6 Etchingam Park Road, Finchley N3 2DT which is just off Ballards Lane and a half mile walk, or short bus ride, from Finchley**

**Central tube station. Entry and food will be free. There is an inexpensive and well stocked pay bar, and tea and coffee will be available from our caterer who will supply his usual good quality food. Gluten free food will be available to those requesting it.**

**In this last respect will you please return the booking slip on the inside back page or email me at [ianc.thomas@live.co.uk](mailto:ianc.thomas@live.co.uk) so that I can advise numbers to the caterer. Please advise any dietary requirements.**

**The venue has been inspected and is very suitable with ample space inside and external benches for use in good weather. There is a sound system and scope for OFA books and memorabilia to be displayed. I hope that you will be happy to break out and meet up again. I have requested good weather!**

**A local map extract is provided near the end of this magazine to pinpoint the venue:**

# BITS AND PIECES

**Our ubiquitous friend Brian Andrews (1965-1972) has kept us supplied with messages from the wild west (of Wales). These mainly arise out of the trials of dealing with lockdown and, of course, each of the four areas of the UK has enforced different measures, being more onerous outside England on a number of occasions.**

**In the previous Scimitar Brian put forward suggestions for an appropriate collective name for Fincunians and suggested —**

**A school, fellowship, college, alumni, excellence, friendliness ..of Fincunians?**

**John Telford has provided other suggestions—**

**Conglomeration, Amalgam, Geriatricum, McCarthyandStonium, Plonkium, Assemblage, Roughlotiage.**

**An anonymous offering is An Assembly.**

**Anyone else with time on their hands is welcome to have a go. Don't forget, however, that encouraged suicide is illegal!**

**On the lockdown subject Ken Whitaker (1953-1960) forwarded a poem by Donna Ashworth and which must describe many people's feelings.**

*Today I let myself dream, that the world will one day open again,  
That the locks will loosen, the walls will fall, The doors will fly open  
and reunite us all.*

*I dared to imagine the warmth of a cuddle,  
a group of my friends all locked in a huddle.*

*I felt all the heartbeats drumming with mine.  
I heard all the laughter, I tasted the wine.  
I thought of the feelings I've missed for so long, the room full of music,  
united by song.*

*The freedom to roam, to plan and to meet,  
to hold someone's hand, to meet to greet.*



*Just for a moment I dared to dream of  
the flights I would board to the places I love.*

*The moment those eyes would meet mine at the gate,  
the feeling of joy after so long to wait.  
Today I dared let myself dream, that the life we once had  
would happen again, that we'd no longer fear the danger of air,*

*That our lives would not depend on such care.  
They say that we mustn't wish time away but it's hard my friend  
when faced with a day, so long in blank hours and so wiped of  
laughter it is tempting to drift away to thereafter.*

*So yes I dared to dream just a while,  
of life coming back, it brought me a smile.  
One day I know this will be in the past  
and hugs will be free again at last.*

Well, in the midst of reduced contact Ann Anderson (Thomas) (1950 –1955) seemed pleased to receive Scimitar as she wrote

*“Dear Mr I.T. What a treat to see the Scimitar at my feet.  
Memories soon came trickling through, pictures and stories old and  
new,  
And then surprise, turn to the last  
those faces, classmates from the past.  
At first I couldn't place the date. I emailed Jenny my old mate.  
She had some photos sent my way, I knew the names I'm glad to say.  
Happy, smiling, no trace of fear - Class of '50 a vintage year”.*

I received an unexpected phone call from Doris Tanner (1935 entry) in Autumn 2020 and had the most interesting conversation with her about school days including the war years. She took her examinations in the huts at the back of the main school building and was among those pupils who were transferred to Henriett Barnett after FCS was damaged by a bomb. After leaving school she served as a radar wren. I phoned Doris on 4th March 2022 and, now 97 year old, Doris remains in fine voice although with reduced vision. I am wondering if Doris is the “mother” of the house in parliamentary terms. Are there any other 1935 entry members out there?



**It was nice to also have further contact with Allan Plumpton (1943 entry) at the beginning of March 2022. Sadly his wife of 63 years, Pat, passed away in October 2021 and, in unyielding spirit, Allan is coming to terms with changed life conditions. We send all best wishes to him. And on the subject of keeping in touch:-**

**Our Chairman has commented on other ways of keeping in touch after the Covid-19 effect has lifted.**

**Peter Monk's comments from edition 186 are repeated:**

**“The Digital Archive is available (best with browser on a PC). Go to [https://www.dropbox.com/sh/1ztvu12erm6vs3q/AABtEhq\\_cZlzfVU2vNAeR6KAa?dl=0](https://www.dropbox.com/sh/1ztvu12erm6vs3q/AABtEhq_cZlzfVU2vNAeR6KAa?dl=0)**

**Alternatively get there via the link in the NEWS section of the FCS Website at <http://finchleycounty.co.uk/>**

**Roger Cook (1960 entry) has set up a Facebook page called FCGS on the link: <https://m.facebook.com/groups/1138765659908500> This provides opportunity to converse within groups.**

**On the other side of the coin, non believer John Horner (1953—1960) who was advised by family members to join Facebook during the lockdown was not persuaded so to do and he applied Facebook principles to his everyday non Facebook life to illustrate how bizarre it can appear.**

### ***A Senior's Version of FACEBOOK***

***For those of my generation who do not, and cannot, comprehend why FACEBOOK exists: I am trying to make friends outside of FACEBOOK while applying the same principles. Therefore, everyday I walk down the street and tell passers-by what I have eaten, how I feel at the moment, what I have done the night before, what I will do later and with whom. I give them pictures of my family, my dog and me gardening, taking things apart in the garage, watering the lawn, standing in front of landmarks, driving around town, having lunch, and doing what anybody and everybody does every day. I also listen to their conversations, give them “thumbs up”, and tell them I “like” them. And it works just like FACEBOOK. I already have 4 people following me; 2 police officers, a private investigator and a psychiatrist.***

**I have received a number of contributions to Scimitar during the past almost 2 years.**

**In the last edition I included on the back cover above the reunion booking slip a group photograph taken at random from our photo store. That brought responses—firstly by phone when Mary Voaden (nee Towlson) (1950—1957) called from her home in Narberth Pembrokeshire to express surprise but also to explain that in 1952 to 1953 this was form 2X. In that year there was no split between A and B streams.**

**That was followed by an email from her classmate Graham Ford who sent me a full list of the names in the photo which I repeat below for that entry year benefit in particular and for others close in age who will remember many of these pupils:**

**L to R**

**Back Row: Jennifer Tiller, Trudy Schmidlin, Diane Whitlock, Stewart Sangster, Doug Nevard, Mike Lever, Bob Catling, Graham Ford, Peter Rogers.**

**Third Row: Rodney Ambrose, Gillian Bruce, Frances Isserlis, Barbara Webb, Pauline Minards, Brian Harris, David Natress, Alan Goodall, Mary Towlson, Yvonne Jennings.**

**Second Row: Elizabeth Smitheram, Susan Pankhurst, Jean Lawrence, Robin Sudbury, Pauline Lines, Bette Drake, Ann Thomas.**

**Front Row: Sheila Brown, Sheila Burbidge, Joyce Everest, Pauline Bell, Pamela Corbett, Ann Prosser, Ann Harwood.**

**Graham also remembered attending the special school assembly 70 years ago in February 1952 when it was announced that King George VI had died and that we had a Queen. Nothing has changed since then although much else has changed!**

Other memories have stirred and I received a piece from Dan Hackett (1965-1972). Unfortunately it hasn't seen the light of day since 2020 so, with apologies to Dan for the delay, I set out a resume of his recollections of FCS.

*“It was 1965 when I put on my new uniform and boarded the 17 bus from Highgate to FCS. FCS had been chosen over my local Highgate school because of the reputation of Mr Povah and because it was a small coeducational grammar school.*

*We were all on our best behaviour as the school rules were read to us; the first and most memorable being not bringing the school's name into disrepute (acting the goat in Jack Rawlings parlance), in effect not shaming about when in school uniform - implying you could do what you like out of uniform!*

*Male teachers were to be addressed as “sir”, female teachers as “Miss”. We boys were addressed by surname, girls by first names. It was clear this was to make men of us boys and ladies of the girls.*

*Mr Povah proved to be a gentle man when as head he would occasionally take us for lessons. I remember him explaining that all Celtic words were short and on another occasion teaching us about prepositions, placing them inside, up, down etc. around a circle.*

*Alas, Mr Povah retired after my first year and was replaced by Mr. Joselyne who adopted a more military and religious approach which included him not fearing to sing unaccompanied to us all in assembly.*

*I found the change disturbing and the more so because although I was good at running 100, 200 and 400 yards, my reduced enthusiasm for longer distances, and developing asthma, curtailed my participation.*

*In fact on one occasion during a sports led school trip to France when our group was sent on a long run I was found studying field crickets coming out of their holes. Mr Totton who was leading the trip had the cheek to call me “The bugger” causing assembled school mates to titter accordingly. I have, in fact, ended up an entomologist.*

*I found O levels and A levels came and passed without too much trauma but I found the change from grammar school to large comprehensive unsettling with not much contact or conferencing between teachers and parents.*

*Teaching is a two way process. One hasn't been taught until the pupil understands enough (the penny hasn't really dropped). Repeating what one has been told might look as though the job has been done but it may be the pupil hiding what hasn't been grasped. Being afraid to ask and hoping things will come right doesn't work. I found this on occasions at FCS and for me it was difficult training for university life and for communication in general."*

Another insight into the daily life of FCS in earlier times came from John Kane (1953 entry) now living in USA who reminded me that there was frequently an unconventional exchange between teacher and pupil and this particular one during a double English lesson that was dragging a bit went along the following lines:

*Mr Jones "Blewett, stand up"*

*Blewett "I can't sir"*

*Mr Jones "Why not, Blewett?"*

*Blewett "Because Benstead has padlocked me to the radiator, sir"*

*Mr Jones "Benstead, unpadlock Blewett immediately"*

*Benstead "Yes sir"*



John Kane

Dave Blewett

Comments on this occurrence may vary but it is comforting to note that at all times the formalities were observed in the form of "sir".

**The 11th November 2021 Remembrance Day was observed at the gates of the Old School site.**



**Present were our Chairman, Godfrey Mann, Valerie Jeffery (née Saunders, 1953 entry) and the Editor, Ian Thomas.**

**We were joined by a passing pedestrian who asked to show his respect at a memorial rather than simply to pause for 2 minutes in an unconnected manner.**

**The names on our memorial are now also included in the new District War Memorial unveiled in the grounds of Finchley Memorial Hospital and shown on the following page.**





Scimitar would be the less without another contribution by Brian Andrews (1965—1972). Brian remembers our sporting home at Hilton Avenue, on Woodhouse Road, close to “that” eponymous school (pass the spittoon Mother).

### *The Finchley Hilton*

*But not alone from musty tome did we the magic secrets con  
Bring forth the racquet and the ball!*

*With hockey stick or bat to wield, destination now top field?  
Fresh air, good sport were both in view so next stop Hilton Avenue.  
The High Road seemed to fade away, double French was not today,  
No complicated verbs or names, we're on the road to double games!  
We gloried on our “field of dreams” as one alone or part of teams.  
We learned the ref was always right—don't argue boy no verbal fight,  
We found you couldn't always win, out was out when you thought you  
were in,  
Like it or not there was never doubt, when the finger went up you  
were always out.  
Good life lessons taught right from wrong  
To help us later be morally strong.  
We played through cold, toiled in great heat.  
Learned the skills of booted feet.  
Competing hard, we lost, we won but, whatever else, had much fun.  
Some strode the turf and did their thing, a well won race, a discus fling.  
They hit a six, clung onto a catch, scored the goal that won the match.  
At great speed they passed the baton, ran so much they put no fat on.  
The motley crew, all shapes and sizes, respected the “Gods” who won  
the prizes.  
When the elite performed it wasn't rare to see lusty limb on show and  
streaming hair.  
We “also rans” did lesser things as lore decreed—slack and wavering!  
We missed a ball, dropped a sitter, really should be so much fitter.  
We came in last, no distance threw, could not jump high nor bat true.  
We travelled there in hope, in dream,  
That some day soon we'd make school team.  
But through it all strong bonds remain and oft we go down memory  
lane,  
Where we learned life skills without a tome on that “field of dreams”  
Our Hilton Home.*



## LEST WE FORGET

**I am afraid that during the past almost 4 years we have lost a number of Old Fincunians in addition to Les Sharp and David Joscelyne. I have received news of, and tributes to, a number of people.**

**Wally Morgan (1953) wrote to advise the death of his sister Betty-Anne Cartwright (nee Morgan 1948-1953) in hospital in Manchester on 16th May 2018. Betty– Anne became a teacher in Sunderland, then in Stevenage and later headteacher in Alsager, Cheshire until she retired to Nantwich . Unfortunately she didn't recover from surgery resulting from an illness earlier in 2018 and she and her constant laughter are greatly missed.**

**Constance Ethel White or Connie Fozzard (1945—1952) as she was known to us and to her patients was a retired surgeon living in her adopted home town of Truro and sadly passed away on 14th February 2021.**

**Chris Nutting wrote to advise the deaths of firstly Alex Pike a contemporary from 1962 who succumbed to cancer after a short illness, and then of Eddie Bassant from the same period, who died on 23rd September 2021. Eddie was diagnosed with motor neurone disease and frontal lobe dementia in 2019 and his decline was rapid. He was one of the finest all-round sportsmen of his time at school and later.**

**Ray Bishop advised me that his sister Rita Bishop (1949 entry year) died in October 2021 after several years of poor health. Rita developed Parkinsons and towards the end acquired Covid despite being double vaccinated.**

**In June 2020 we lost Richard Martin (1954 entry) who had been a football stalwart of the Old Fincunians, playing mostly in the 2nd and 3rd teams, and for many years being the club's Secretary. After retiring from playing Richard became a referee and he disclosed that he never booked anyone because, if he did, that meant he had to waste time writing a report afterwards.  
(Editor: I wish he had refereed me!)**

## **LEST WE FORGET**

**News came to me of the death on 27th October 2020 of one of FCS' best cricketers.**

**Alan Rayment who was born on on 29th May 1928 was a cricket fanatic from his early days opposite the cricket ground in East End Road. He was talented and successful as a young cricketer and joined Middlesex at the time of Denis Compton and Bill Edrich. He was also signed by Tottenham Hotspur and played for them in the winter as a winger.**

**However, the form of the Middlesex "twins" kept Alan out of the team and he moved to Hampshire where he played 198 times for his adoptive county, scoring 4 hundreds, 23 fifties, and retiring at 30 with a batting average of 20.31.**

**I spoke with him on the phone in summer 2020 and his death 2 months later is a shock notwithstanding that he was 92 years old. He related to me that his bowling was limited but that he once clean bowled Ted Dexter with a googly in a county match against Sussex.**

**He ran a dancing school with his wife for a while and bearing in mind reports praising his swift and nifty fielding that was not a surprising direction in which to move.**

**Finally: Scimitar magazines addressed to the following have been returned.**

**Alison Yapp—"Deceased"  
Joan Stevens—"Deceased"**

**I have no additional information.**

## LEST WE FORGET

**Peter Andrews** emailed to let me know that **Keith Honess** (1941 or 1942 entry) died at his home in Winchester on 8th March 2020 survived by his wife, Peter's sister Sheila (nee Andrews 1943—1950).

**Sally Prescott** (1954—1961) emailed that her contemporary **Margaret Gray** (1954-59) died in 2016 after a career in nursing and working with vulnerable and lonely people at the Salvation Army.

In June 2020 came news of the death on 31st January 2020 of **Joan Brown** (1947-1954). Joan was academically outstanding and after FCS she was awarded a State Scholarship to read medicine at Birmingham University. She became Consultant Anaesthetist at Queen Victoria Hospital, East Grinstead where she spent most of her career although she also worked in USA, Nepal and Zimbabwe passing on her expertise to local doctors. Joan suffered severe injuries in a car accident in USA, the long-term effects of which remained with her for the rest of her life.

I heard from **Ann Robinson** that her husband **Peter Robinson** (1939 entry) passed away peacefully at home on 12th October 2020. 1939 to 1945 were Peter's school years as well as 2nd World War years and he used to cycle to school when sirens allowed, collecting shrapnel and the odd piece of parachute fragment on route. Homework was on a table under the stairs or under the reinforced Morrison table shelter. On VE Day he and the sixth form were on a week helping farmers to bring in crops. A keen sportsman Peter captained football and cricket teams and joined the OFA cricket tours on the Isle of Wight. Peter was diagnosed with prostate cancer in 2005 and fought it to the end.

**Denis Burnham** (1955 entry) advised the death of his classmate, and long time friend from primary school days, **John Cannon** in July 2020 at his home in Suffolk. John suffered with Parkinsons for 25 years, bearing it stoically and with the good humour that he always displayed during school days.

**Rosemary Goodacre** (née **Danon** 1954 entry) died on 10th October 2020 at her home in Kent aged 76. Rosemary was a talented writer and the author of a number of books.

# LEST WE FORGET

**I have learned of the death of James (Jim) Reeves (1945 entry) on 24th April 2020 at the age of 86. Jim had a long career as a TV cameraman with ITV. However, and sadly, he suffered ill health in later years.**

**Sheila Segal (Rawlings) has advised me of the deaths of Ken Taylor (1945 entry - I believe ) and his wife Barbara.**

**And now a piece received from Roy Warne (1954) as a tribute to an Old Fincunian whose death has not been previously reported at the time it occurred - 1972.**

**The tribute highlights that among the triumphs and academic achievements that are recorded, and the “normal” passage from high jinks to maturity, well educated minds may have dark moments which are accepted between friends simply as part of an individual’s rich tapestry, but they can later lead to personal tragedy.**

***Derek Ross Roberts - A tribute***

***I knew Del (sometimes Delross) long before FCS days.***

***We lived in the “county roads” in East Finchley and during term times he would turn right to Martin Primary school and I went left to Holy Trinity and so our paths crossed.***

***Living so close to each other we often met and played together , often in Cherry Tree Woods along with many other mutual friends.***

***Del did fantastically well at FCS with loads of O levels, some taken a year early, and 4 superb A levels in sciences.***

***His progression to university seemed assured but he was heavily influenced by his father who had seen hard times during the inter-war years to seek the security of regular employment. So Del started work in London with International Computers and Tabulators writing computer programmes for commercial purposes.***

*It did not suit him at all; he could do his job with his eyes closed and he got little or no satisfaction from it. ICT was supposed to be Britain's answer to IBM. The irony is that this supposed safe haven was taken over and then went broke.*

*When not at work Del was a very different person with many eclectic interests.*

*He wrote a lot of poetry. He wrote a lot of songs. No Saturday party was complete without Del and his guitar, which he played, or perhaps punished, with verve. It was well scarred. He was a very good photographer and had a collection of weird and wonderful musical instruments.*

*He conducted extensive, faux-serious, correspondence with the senior management of several global businesses, discussing the quality and ethics of their household brands. In particular, I remember him asking the Chairman of Heinz "can man live on baked beans alone?"*

*From the early 60's Del and I and some other Old Fincs (Lawrence Whitehead, John Kane, Andrew (Harry) Pates, Peter Caines, Paul Jones spring to mind) were keen members of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament and the Committee of 100. We did a couple of CND Aldermaston marches, spread over 4 days and were at the Whitehall sit-in in 1961 and the Grosvenor Square riots, where the American Embassy used to be, protesting against the war in Vietnam.*

*Del was also quite athletic. He used to go on incredibly long walks. And he could walk on his hands. I once had a bet with him that he couldn't walk upside down to the bar in a pub in Hampstead to get some drinks. I lost the bet (10 bob) and I can still see a pair of feet at head height weaving across the busy saloon.*

*He once attempted to drive his Morris car across (through?) Whitestone Pond. It sank and had to be towed out. My brother Garry (also FCS) and I were passengers and in big trouble when we got home at 4.00 am soaked.*

*On another occasion he was locked inside St David's Cathedral in Wales, at closing time!*

*From the late 60's Del became increasingly introspective. We would often talk into the early hours as he delved into philosophical questions, well beyond my comprehension. He had counselling and group therapy and medication.*

*The Boat Race used to be on a Saturday. In 1972 it was rowed on 1st April. I remember it well. Del and I watched it on a television set in a shop window in Preston (in colour!). We were on our way to the train station for Del's train back to London.*

*I lived in Lancashire at the time and Del had been staying with me for a week, and he was very agitated. During his stay I had mentioned my admiration for the art of Albrecht Durer.*

*At the station Del gave me a present, a book on Durer inscribed "to my friend Roy with love from Del April 1972" So he must have bought it that day.*

*That was the last time I saw Del.  
The following Wednesday I had a phone call from Peter Caines.  
"Its about Del..."  
Del had taken his own life. He was 27.*

*I miss you, friend.*

*Roy Caines*

# MONEY MATTERS

## **Subscriptions & Donations received up to 28th February, 2022**

**Subscriptions are no longer collected. Nevertheless, 7 people have sent payments and the Treasurers have written to thank them and to confirm there is no need to repeat it in future and, where relevant, to cancel their standing orders**

**Thank you for all your support in the past.**

### **Accounts as at 28/02/2022**

<b>Opening Balance 01/01/20</b>	<b>£8,493</b>
<b>Subscriptions received</b>	<b>£110</b>
<b>Interest received</b>	<b>£11</b>
<b>Less Scimitar costs (Summer 2020)</b>	<b>£456-</b>
<b>Less Memorial costs</b>	<b>£110-</b>
	<b>=====</b>
<b>Balance in bank at 28th February, 2022</b>	<b>£8,048</b>
	<b>=====</b>

**Although the extent of our Treasurers' responsibilities will reduce, we owe a huge debt of gratitude to Colin and Janine Luke as they continue to oversee payments for reunions, Scimitar and any other expenses that arise.**



# FINCHLEY BOWLING CLUB

6 Etchingam Park Road,  
N3 2DT



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# AND FINALLY



**I WILL be attending the Reunion on  
10th September 2022**

**NAME(S).....**  
**Maiden Name.....School Years.....**  
**ADDRESS.....**

**Send to:- Ian Thomas**  
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*Ian Thomas*

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